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Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

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Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs sung at COURT,
And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.

THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Gold and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, 1681.

TO ALL LOVERS OF
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Third Book, or Collection of New Ayres and Songs had come to your hands some Months sooner, had I not been prevented by long Sickneſs; however I hope it will not now be unwelcome. I need not here commend the Excellency of their Composition, the ingenious Authors Names being printed with them, who are Men that underſtand to make *English* Words ſpeak their true and genuine Senſe both in good humour and Ayre; which can never be performed by either *Italian* or *French*, they not ſo well underſtanding the Proprieties of our Speech. I have ſeen lately published a large Volum of *English* Songs, compoſed by an *Italian* Maſter, who has lived here in *England* many Years; I confeſs he is a very able Maſter, but being not perfect in the true *Idiom* of our Language; you will find the Air of his Muſick ſo much after his Country-Mode, that it would ſure far better with *Italian* than *English* Words. But I ſhall forbear to cenſure his Work, leaving it to the Verdict of better Muſical Judgments; only I think him very diſingenuous and much to blame, to endeavour to raiſe a Reputation to himſelf and Book, by diſparaging and undervaluing moſt of the beſt *English* Maſters and Profeſſors of Muſick. I am ſorry it is (in this Age) ſo much the Vanity of ſome of our *English* Gentry to admire chat in a Foreigner, which they either ſlight, or take little notice of in one of their own Nation; for I am ſure that our *English* Maſters in Muſick (either for Vocal or Instrumental Muſick) are not in Skill and Judgment inferior to any Foreigners whatſoever, the ſame Rules in this Science being generally uſed all over *Europe*; But I have too far digreſſ'd, and therefore beg your Pardon. This Book being bound up with the two others formerly publiſhed, will make a compleat Volum. To conclude, I deſire you to think, that I have herein as much ſtudied your ſatisfaction as my own Intereſt, and kindly to receive this Collection, from

From my Houſe in
Arundel-Street,
near the Thames
ſide, Novemb. 2.
1690.

GENTLEMEN,

Your hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD

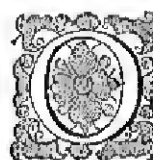
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No Night while all the Vil-lage slept, *Adieu*—his sad de-

spair, the wand'ring Shepherd waking kept, to tell the Woods his care. Be—gon, said he, and

thoughts, be—gon; Eyes, give your sorrows o'er! Why should you weep your tears for

one that thinks on you no more, that thinks on you no more?

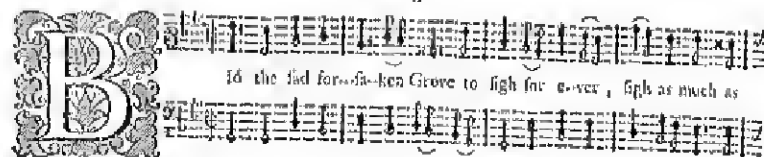
Mr. Gruber,

II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks; and Powers;
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have pass'd in Love.
You Stars above, my cruel Foes
Can tell, how the has been
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flames shall ever burn,
Her Flames shall, &c.

III.

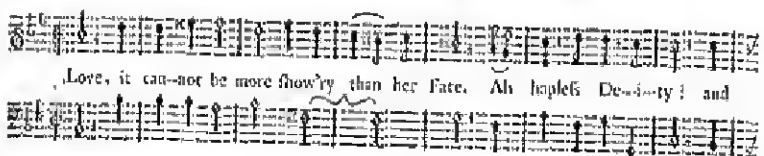
But since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly dyed
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave;
And there forgotten lye.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep;
And kindly there complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,
But never, &c.



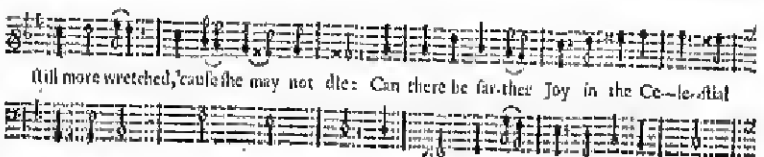
In the sad for-sa-ken Grove to sigh for e-ver, Sph as much as



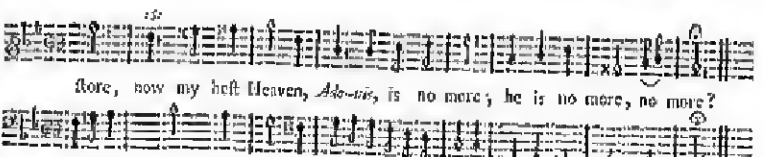
1, hid the Dew fall, and the Sky weep a--pace, weep like the Queen of



Love, it can-not be more show'ry than her Fate. Ah hapless De-si-ty! and

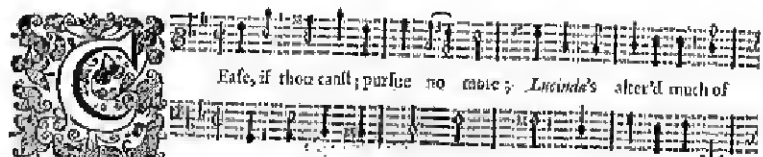


Still more wretched, 'cause she may not die: Can there be far-ther Joy in the Co-le-stial

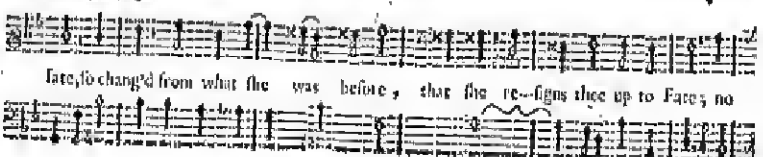


store, now my best Heaven, *Ae-vie*, is no more; he is no more, no more?

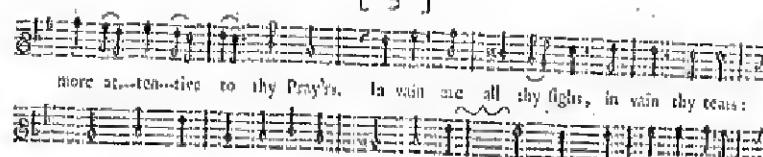
Mr. Farmer.



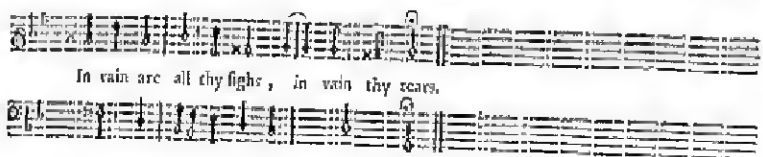
Ease, if thou canst; pursue no more; *Lucinda's* alter'd much of



Fate, so chang'd from what she was before, that she re-si-gns thee up to Fate; no

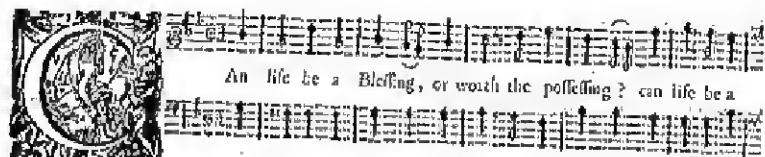


more at-ten-tion to thy Pray'rs. In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears:

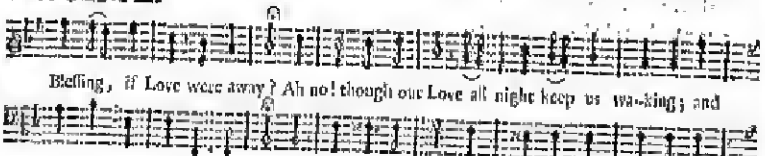


In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears.

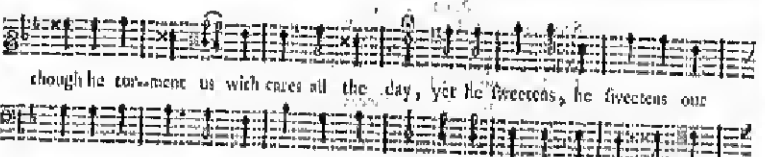
Mr. Tho. Farmer.



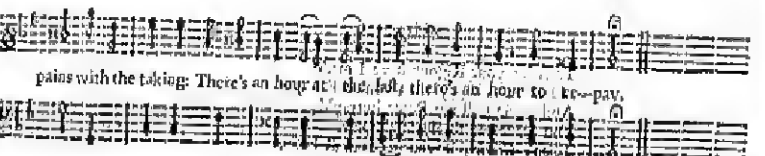
An life be a Blessing, or worth the possessing? can life be a



Blessing, if Love were away? Ah no! though our Love all night keep us wa-king; and



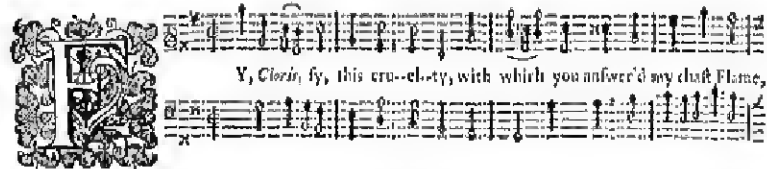
though he tor-ment us with cares all the day, yet he sweetens, he sweetens our



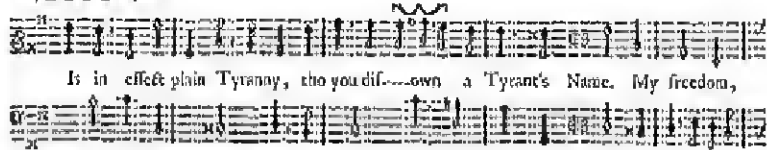
pains with the taking: There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to re-pay,

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

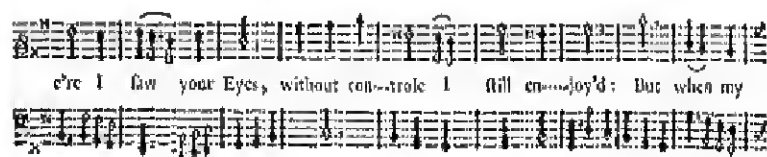
II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing;
In every possessing, the fruit of our pains:
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish;
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.



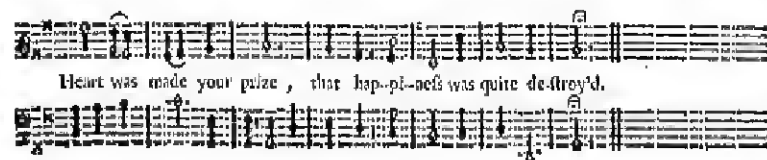
Y, *Cloris*, fy, this cru-el-ty, with which you answer'd my chaf'd Flame,



Is in effect plain Tyranny, tho you dis-own a Tycant's Name. My freedom,



e're I saw your Eyes, without con-sole I still en-joy'd: But when my



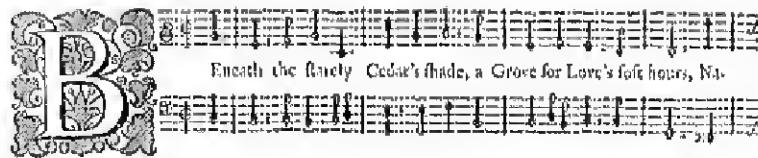
Heart was made your prize, that hap-pi-ness was quite de-stroy'd.

II.

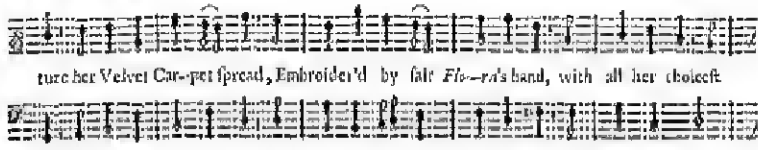
For your *Idea* still remains;
Slight of your scorn, within my Breast;
Railing *Chimera's* in my Brains;
When I dispose my self to rest:
But if at any time I be
Deluded with a slumber there;
The Image of your Cruelty
Does in sad Dreams to me appear.

III.

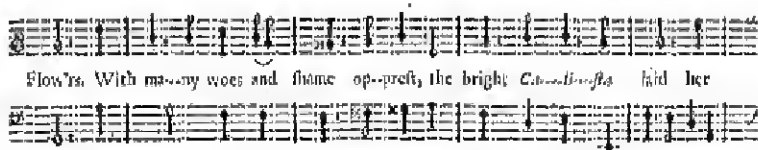
Thus by your Rigour have I made
Me more unhappy than you're Fair;
And having all my Peace betray'd,
You leave me solely in despair.
Then, *Cloris*, if you needs must hate,
Conceal it yet in Charity;
And pity, pity, my hard Fate,
Which else must end in Misery.



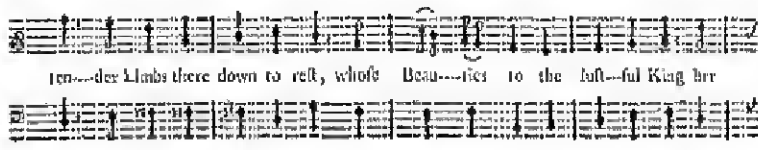
Beneath the stately Cedar's shade, a Grove for Love's soft hours, No



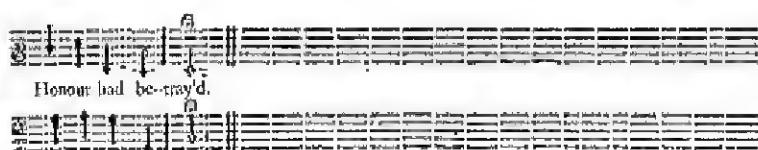
tured her Velvet Car-pet spread, Embroider'd by fair *Flo-ra's* hand, with all her choicest



Flowers. With many woes and shame op-press'd, the bright *Clo-dia* hid her



ten-der Limbs there down to rest, whose Beau-ty to the lust-ful King her

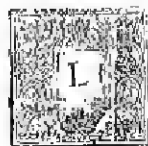


Honour had be-tray'd.

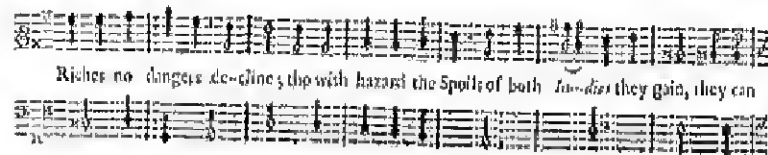
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

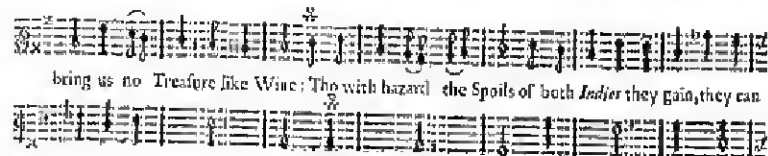
Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
Such crowds of Sorrows came;
And still as upwards they were sent,
Alas! her bashful Tongue refus'd
With words to own her shame.
But to the Gods with show'rs of Tears,
And Heart-sick Groans, she cry'd,
Ah! end my wretched Life and Cares,
Revenge, revenge his Crimes on me;
To sell, and sigh'd, and dy'd.



Et the da-ving Advent'ers be telt'd on the Main, and for



Riches no dangers de-cline; tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine: Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine.

II.
Enough of such Wealth would a Begger enrich,
And supply gear wants in a King:
'T would smooth all the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'T would smooth, &c.

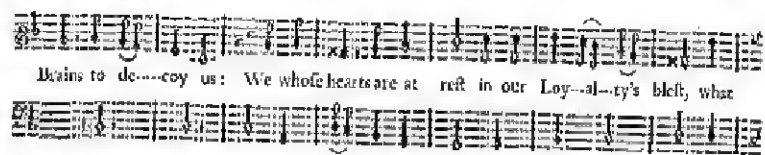
III.
There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
If this Sovereign Balfom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

IV.
It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And so Gallantry makes him jectin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

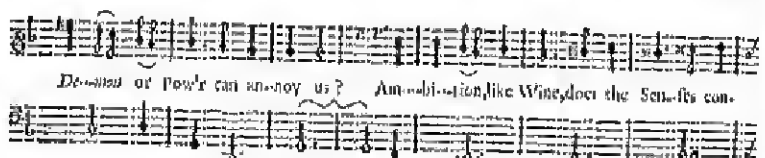
V.
There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.



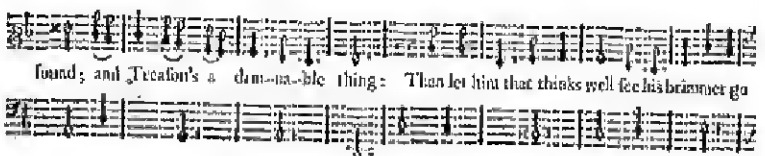
Et the Traytors plot on, 'till at last they're undone, by hurrying their



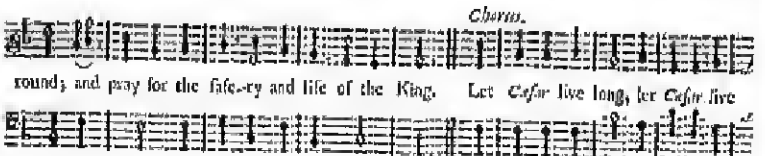
Brains to de-coy us: We whose hearts are at rest in our Loy-alty's blest, what



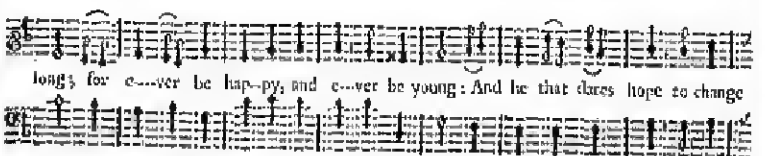
De-merit or Pow'r can en-joy us? Am-bi-tion, like Wine, does the Sen-si-ble con-



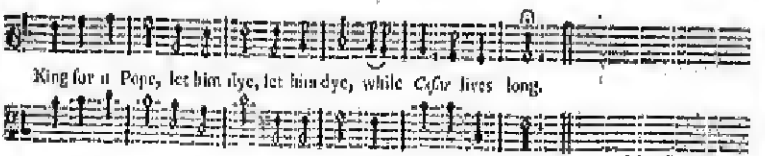
found; and Treason's a dam-na-ble thing: Then let him that thinks well see his brimmer ga-



round; and pray for the life-ty and life of the King. Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live



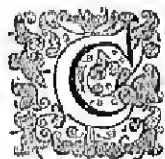
long; for e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be young: And he that dotes hope to change



King for a Pope, let him dye, let him dye, while *Cesar* lives long.

II.
How happy are we when our Hearts are all free,
And blest in our Sacred Obedience;
Whilst the Pollitick Poet that's ambitious to Rule,
Still banks at the Oath of Allegiance.

He trembles, and flies from his numerous Foes,
Like a Deer that the Hunter's surround:
Will it we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the Joys of our Hearts like our Glasses abound.
Chor. Let *Cesar* live long, &c.



Long-remembered, adieu, since you light what is true, no longer I'll be

Court for diffidals; tho your Chauns are delightful, your Scorns are as frightful, Pte never Court

longer in vain. He rove up and down, and He ransack the Town, but He find out a

Nymph that's more true; I'm re-solv'd to de-fie your proud horns, tho' I dye: So at-

• dieu, fair Glor-ri-a, a-dieu.

Mr. T. J. Finner.



Nothing I know, yet feel a powerful Fire burning with-

in my Brest, through deep de...fire to be once more where felt I felt up...rell, which

can not be ex-press'd. Oh my sole Good! Oh my best hap-pi-ness! Why am I thus retain'd?

Is there no comfort in this wretchedness? Then let me live content to be thus pain'd.

A NORTHERN SONG.



Another was tall, and of noble Race, and lov'd me better than

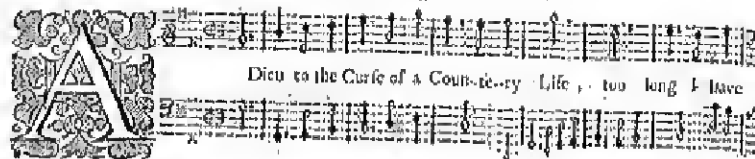
a---my yens, but now his ligs by a---no-ther Lafs, and Say---my, ne're be my Love a---gea.

I gave him a fine Scotch Sack and Band, I put them on with mine own hand; I

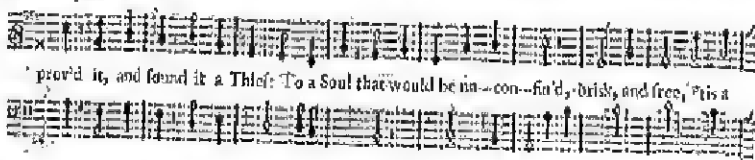
Have mine a House, I gave him Land, yet Son, yet will ne're be my Love again.

I robb'd the Groves, of all their store;
And Rites and made to thee; Some did
The Mirth of Youth, and Fair Youth did
Gude Feith, yet thought I lov'd a woman;
He Ridded my Fingers, grasp'd my Arm;
And carv'd my Name on each young Tree;
Said a sick Angel, will I live by no
But now we will no more to his Love, then

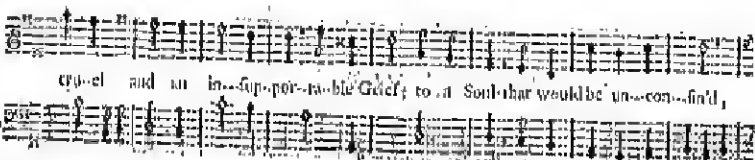
My Boonbrace and my Sun-burnt face
 My hair, and all my sufferings
 But now he doles on the Copper Laid
 Of long level Cures of POWDER Tonnies
 He bangs and gives her Curls and Cinnamon
 While I poor Son, through my dear heart
 Lie like the same dead in the ground
 He now he will be to my Love again.



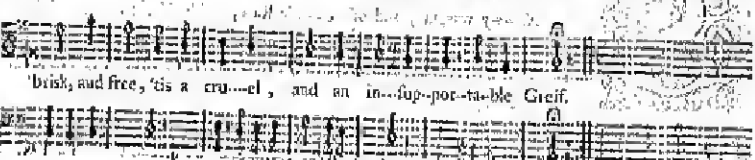
Dieu to the Curse of a Coun-te-ry Life, too long I have



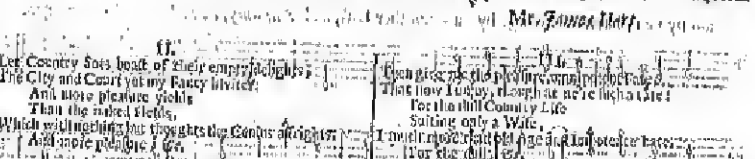
prov'd it, and found it a Thief: To a Soul that would be un-con-fid-, brisk, and free, 'tis a



cru-el and an in-sup-er-na-ble Grief, to a Soul that would be un-con-fid-,

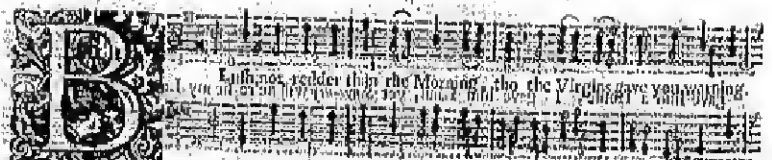
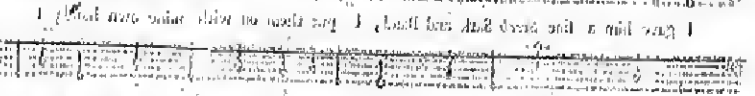


brisk, and free, 'tis a cru-el, and an in-sup-er-na-ble Grief.

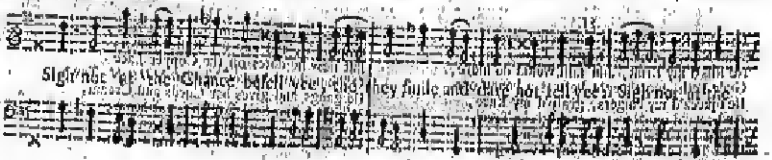


II.
Let Country Boys boast of their empty delights;
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites;
And more pleasure yields
Than the naked Fields,
Which with nothing but thoughts the Con-vent brighten;
And more pleasure I see.

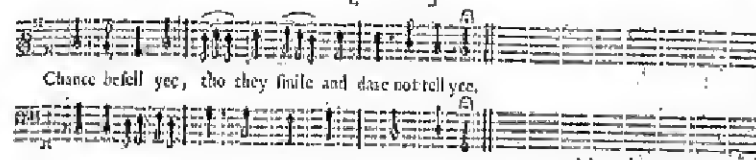
Then give me the Pleasure of the Court;
That now I see, though at a distance;
For the still Country Life
Suits only a Wife
I must moderate the Age and the State;
For the still Life.



Lull not tender than the Morning, tho' the Virgins have your song.

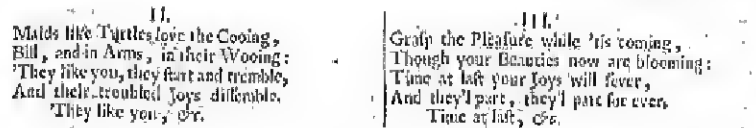


Sign not the Chance, befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee,



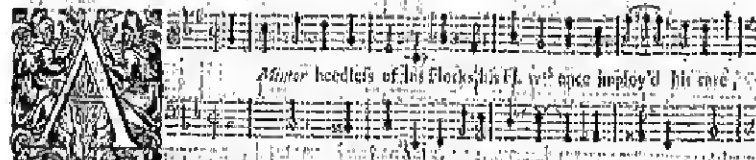
Chance befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee,

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

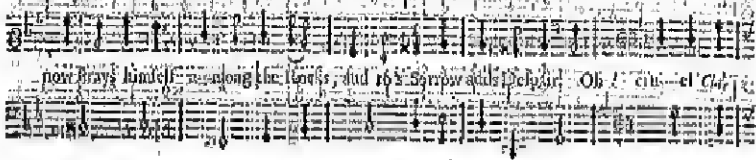


II.
Males like Turtles love the Cooling,
Bill, and in Arms, in their Wooing:
They like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble.
They like you, &c.

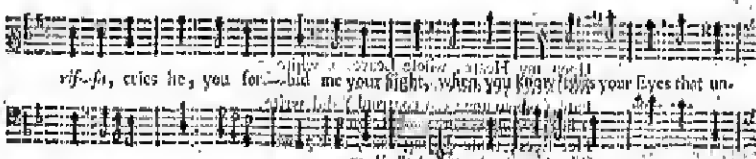
III.
Gasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming:
Time at last your Joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever,
Time at last, &c.



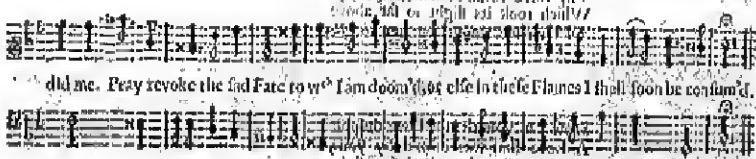
Minor heedless of his Flocks, his Flute, woe he employ'd his time,



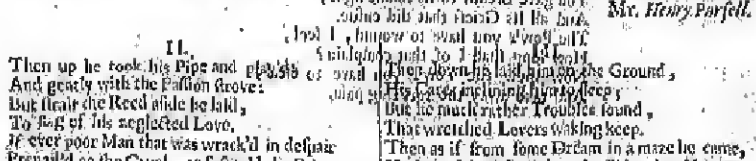
now brays himself among the flowers, and his Sorrow and Delight. Oh! Cru-el, Cru-el!



ris-sa, cries he, you for—did me your sight, when you knew (tho' your Eyes that un-

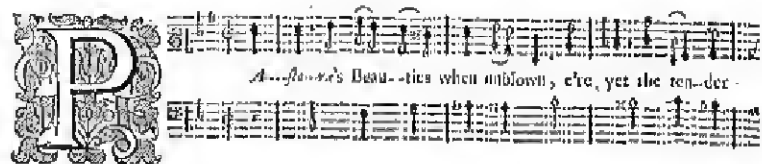


did me. Pray revoke the sad Fate to w^{ch} I am doom'd, for else in these Flames I shall soon be consum'd.



Mr. Henry Parfell.
II.
Then up he took his Pipe and p^{lay'd} it
And grac'd with the Passion Grove;
But first the Reed side he laid,
To beg of his neglected Love,
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or fash'd the Fair;
Then ply'd Charms, Oh! pity the Swain,
Whole life's but a Torment, till you cure his Pain.

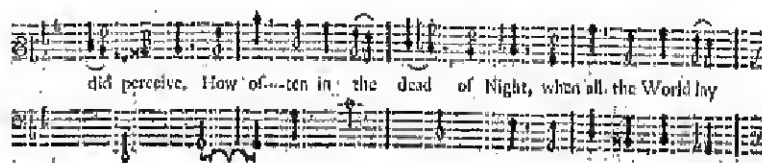
Then down he lay on the Ground,
His Arms enfolded her deep;
But he much rather Troubles found,
That wretched Lovers waking keep.
Then as if from some Dream in a maze he came,
He started, and fasted, and call'd on her Name;
Return my Charms, or else you'll undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Griefs do pursue me.



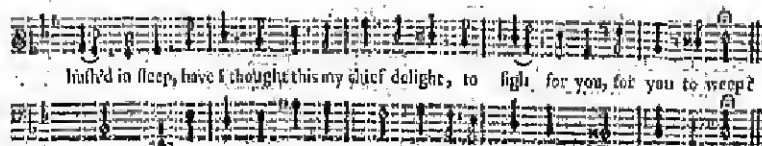
A--f--f--f's Beau--ties when unknown, e're, yet the ten--der



Had did cleave, to my more ear--ly Love were known, their fa--tal Pow'r I



did perceive, How of--ten in the dead of Night, when all the World lay



huddled in sleep, have I thought this my chief delight, to fight for you, for you to weep?

Mr. Henry Purcell.

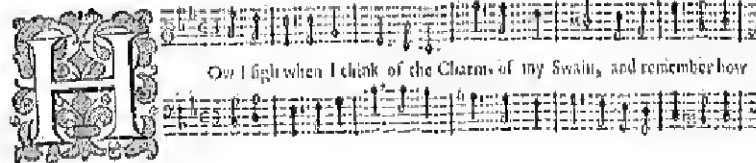
II.

Upon my Heart, whole Leaves of white
No Letter yet did ever stain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair *Passion* here must reign:
Her Eyes, those darling Sins, shall prove
Thy Love to be of noble Race;
Which took its flight so far above
All humane things, on her to gaze.

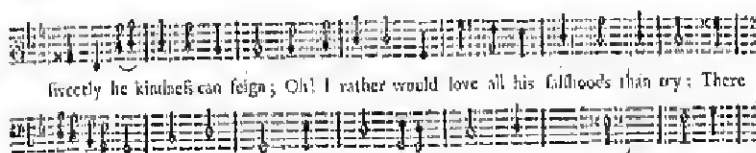
How can you then a Love despise?
A Love that was insus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its infant sighs,
And all its Graces that did ensue,
The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
How long shall I of that complain?

Now then the Pow'r you have to die;
And take away the long long pain.

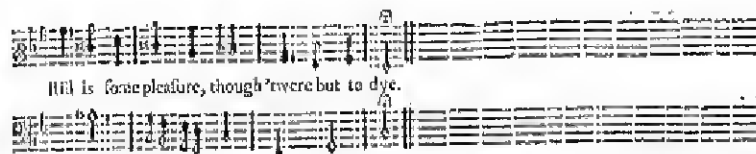
How can you then a Love despise?
A Love that was insus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its infant sighs,
And all its Graces that did ensue,
The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
How long shall I of that complain?
Now then the Pow'r you have to die;
And take away the long long pain.



Ow I sigh when I think of the Charm of my Swain, and remember how

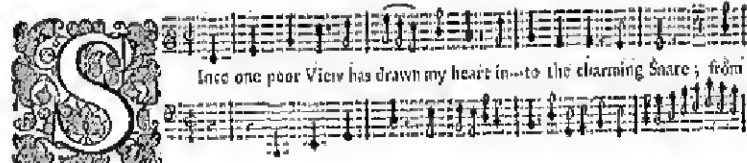


sweetly he kindness can feign; Oh! I rather would love all his fallhoods than try: There

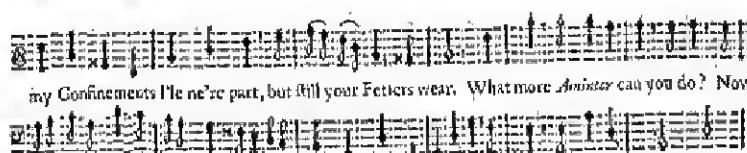


is some pleasure, though 'twere but to dye.

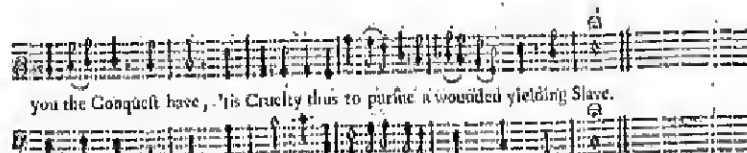
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Once one poor View has drawn my heart in--to the charming Scare; from



my Confinements I'm ne're part, but still your Fetters wear. What more *Amster* can you do? Now

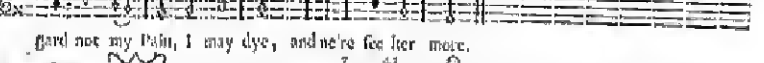
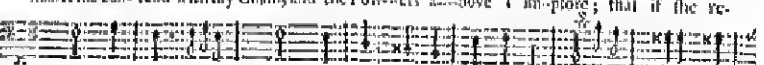
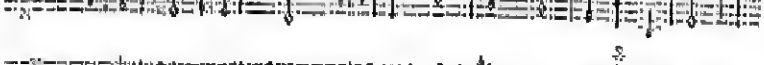
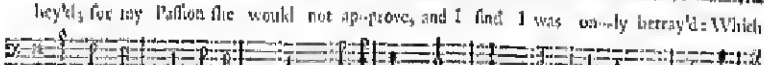
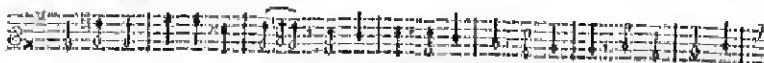


you the Conquest have, 'tis Cruelty thus to pursue a wounded yielding Slave.

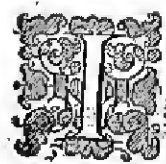
Mr. Henry Purcell.



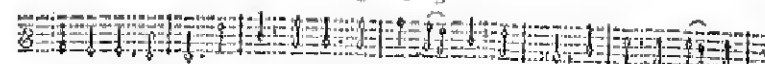
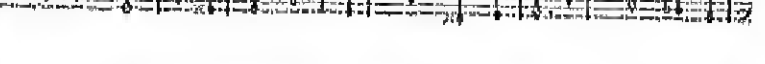
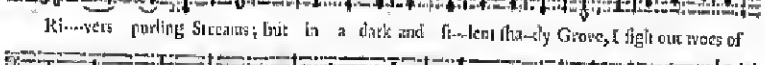
When her languishing Eyes said, Love! too soon the soft Charm I o-



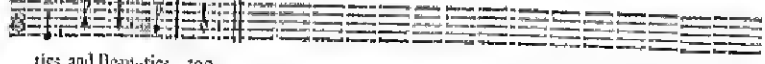
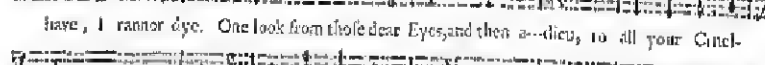
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Take no pleasure in the Sun's bright Beams, nor in the Chry--sal



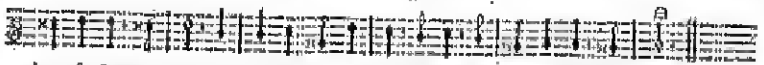
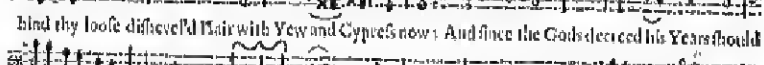
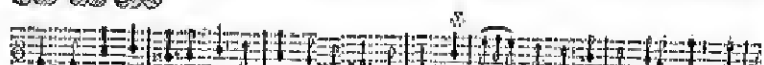
in the Shades below: For the condemn'd and fetter'd, here I lye, 'till I your Sentence



Mr. Henry Purcell.



Our Cle--mency, thy Garlands tear from off thy Widow'd brow, and



Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

The Trees a duller Green have worn;
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pastor mourn;
And bleat a sadder moan.

III.

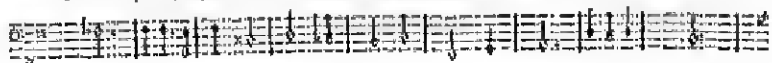
The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
To happier Mansions fly;
And all that once snail'd on our Lovers,
Now seem to bid me dye



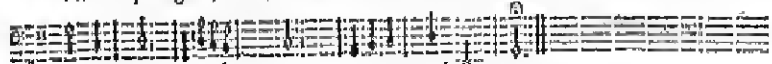
Yet am free, why should I be subject to any Heav'n but thee?



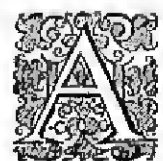
I from thy Art, *Cupid*, and Dart, thou may'st not, shalt not wound my Heart: For if thou'lt



here a Captive gain, know, Fondling, thou attempt'st in vain.



Mr. James Hart.



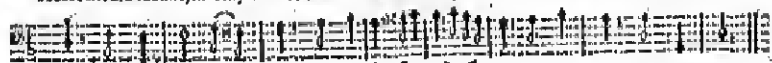
H! lay by your Lute: Ah! *Largia*, for hear, whilst your Tongue I may



hear, other Musick is mute. Ah! lay by your Lute, for the Heav'n's have decreed, That my



Heart should submit, that my Heart should submit to none, to none but the Charms of your Wit.



Mr. James Hart.

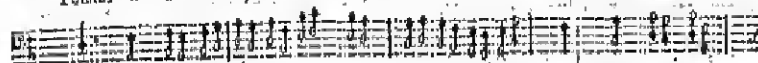
A SCOTCH SONG.



On my Laid gin thou wert mine, and twenty thousand



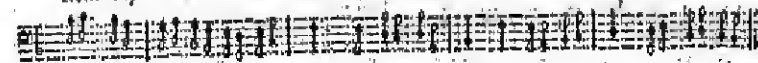
Pounds about thee; I'd from thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to



lay thee down on any Green, and shew thee how thy Dad-dy got thee. I'd



from thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to lay thee down on any Green, and



shew thee how thy Dad-dy got thee.

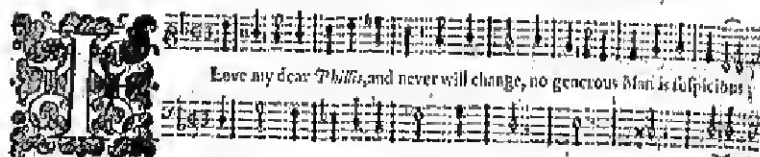


Mr. Tho. Farnley.

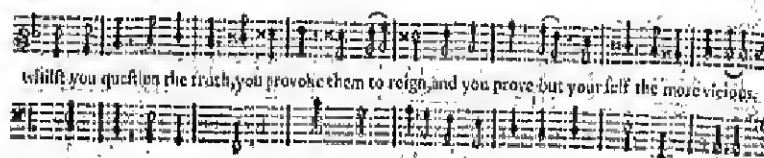
II.

Honny Laid, gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green,
To shew me how my Daddy got me:
I'd leave them, &c.

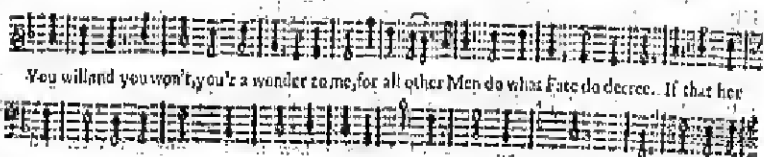
The ANSWER to a late SONG, Let Fortune and Phillis, &c.



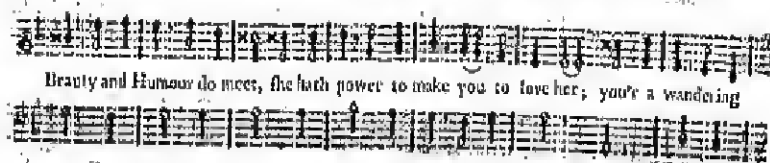
Love my dear *Phillis*, and never will change, no generous Man is suspicious,



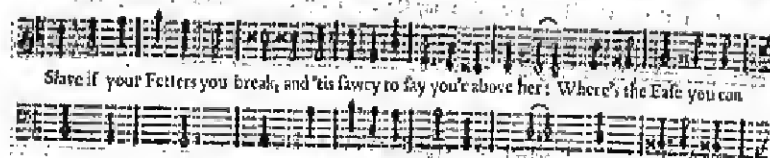
Whilst you question the truth, you provoke them to reign, and you prove but your self the more vicious,



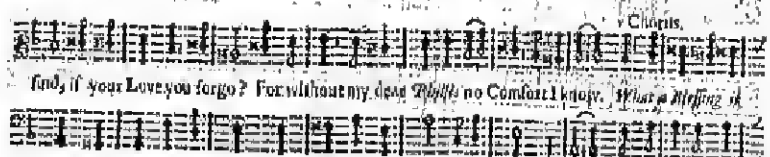
You will and you won't, you're a wonder to me, for all other Men do what Fate do decree. If that her



Beauty and Humour do meet, she hath power to make you to love her; you're a wandering



Slave if your Fetters you break, and 'tis fawcy to say you're above her: Where's the Ease you can

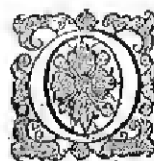


Share if your Love you forgo? For without my dear *Phillis* no Comfort I know. What a Blessing is

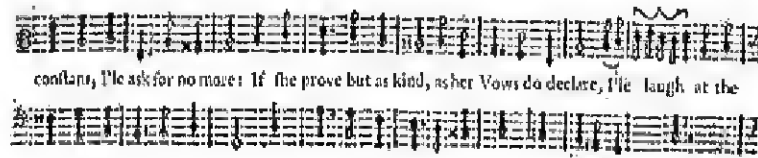


it for to have a fair *Miss*! if she wags with a Treason she can deal with in Kifs.

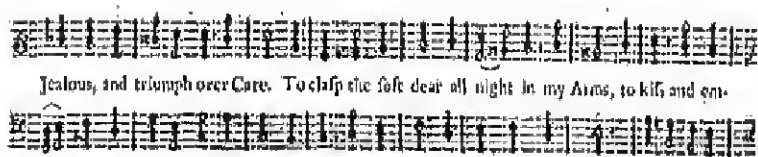
Mr. John Reading.



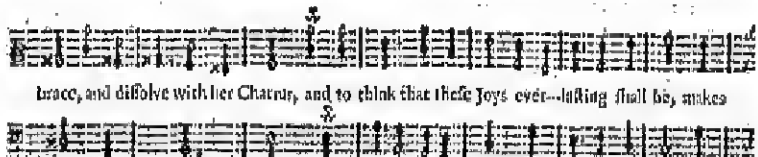
Of all the dear Joys, that the World has in store, If *Celia* prove



constant, I'll ask for no more: If she prove but as kind, as her Vows do declare, I'll laugh at the



Jealous, and triumph over Care. To clasp the soft dear all night in my Arms, to kiss and em-



brace, and dissolve with her Charming, and to think that these Joys ever-lasting shall be, makes



revel-ling Princes less happy than we.

Mr. John Reading.

So soft are her Charms, and so melting her ways;
That she confuses fresh Spirits when Passion decays:
How I'm drown'd in the Gills of a balmy white Cloud!
She insulates new Naptie, and Life doth command,
On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she dries,
And darts through my Soul with her languishing Eyes:
She makes my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
And cures with these Pleasures, which before did destroy.

Upon the loss of a MISTRESS.



How I am griev'd, that now I must part with her that I

once call'd my own; 'tis since my poor Breast was by Phillis pos-sess'd, such Sorrow by

me was ne'er known. I thought that her Charms would have kept off all Harms, and I

ne'er dream'd of this, when clos'd in her Arms: since you For-sake, can be so un-

faith-ful to me; Ah tell me! ah tell me, how true you are to those

Men that can stab-ber like you!

Mr. John Reading.



How, see how the Flow'rs a--dorn the Spring, how the Birds with

cheerful Notes to-ge-ther sing, all Joy, Peace, and Concord to ev'ry thing: Then let us

be as they are free, there's no loss so great as our Liberty: Then let us be as they are free, there's

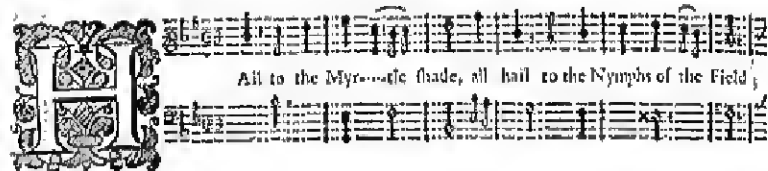
no loss so great as our Li-ber-ty. None, none shall dishon-our us with Envy, Pride, or Care, nor

will we live by Hope, or dye by Despair; but Live, Love, and Laugh, and be as free as Air.

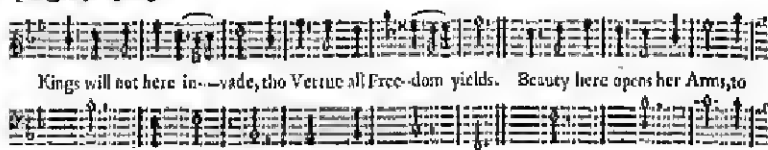
Hark, hark, methinks I hear a sound from a neigh-b'ring Grover-bound; says, if happy you'd

be, you must keep your Mind free; there's no pleasure, no pleasure, like Li-ber-ty.

Mr. William Turner.



All to the Myr--tle shade, all hail to the Nymphs of the Field;



Kings will not here in--vade, tho' Virtue all Free--dom yields. Beauty here opens her Arms, to



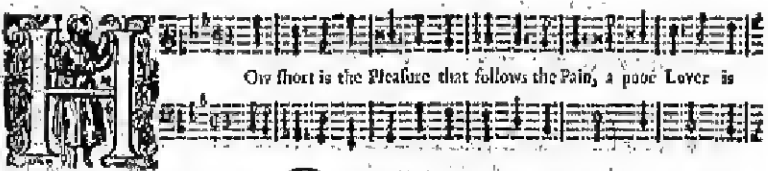
soften the languishing Mind; and *Phil--is* unlocks her Charms! Ah *Philis*! ah! why so kind?

II.

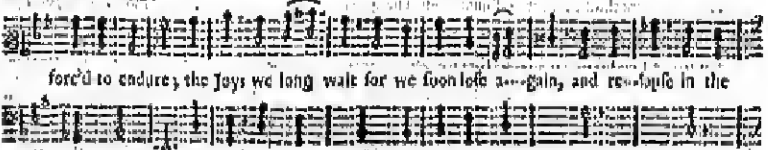
Philis the Soul of Love, the Joy of Neighbouring Swains;
Philis that Crowns the Groves, and *Philis* that gilds the Plains;
Philis that ne'er had the skill to Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
Yet *Philis*, whose Eyes can kill, whom Nature has made Divine.

III.

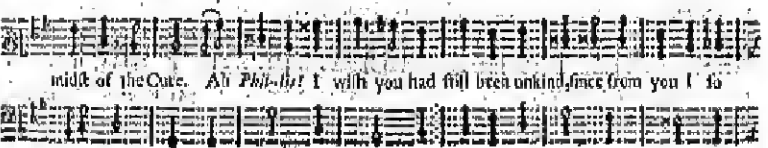
Philis, whose charming Tongue makes Labour and Pain a delight;
Philis that makes the Day young, and shortens the live-long Night,
Philis whose Lips lick May, Ah! laugh at the sweets that they bring,
Where Love never knew decay, but sets with Eternal Spring.



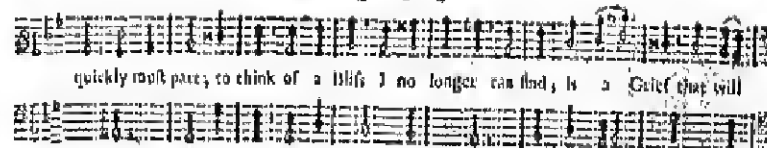
Oh! short is the Pleasure that follows the Pain, a poor Lover is



forc'd to endure; the Joys we long wait for we soon lose a--gain, and re--pose in the



midst of the Cure. Ah *Phil--is*! I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I 'm

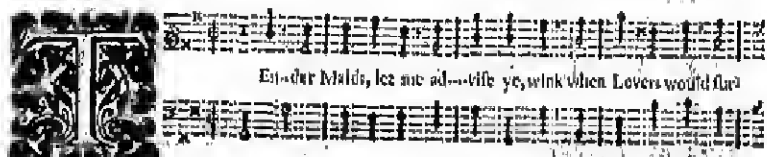


quickly must part; to think of a Bliss I no longer can find, is a Grief that will

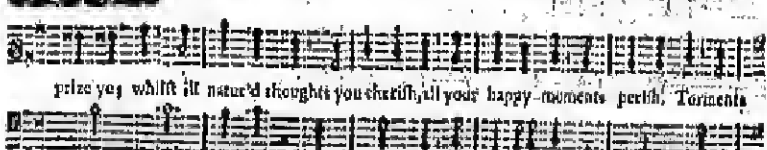


break my sad Heart.

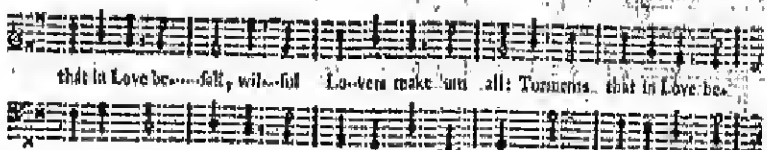
Mr. John Reading.



Consider *Milds*, let me ad--vise ye, wink when Lovers would sue;



prize ye; whilst its natur'd thoughts you cherish, all your happy moments perish, Torments



that in Love be--fall, will--fall. Lo--vers make 'em all: Torments, that in Love be--



fall, will--fall. Lovers make 'em all.

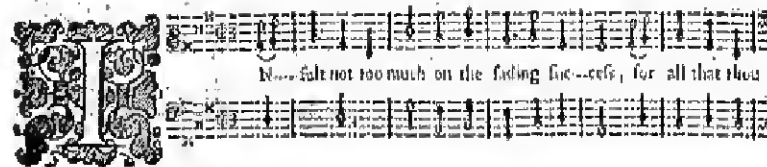
Mr. John Reading.

II.

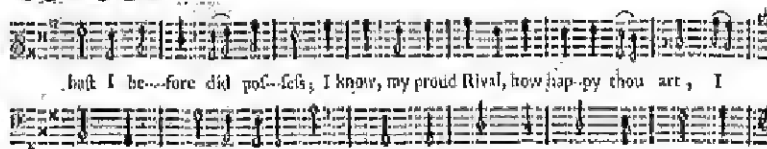
Whilst your Cruelties repeated,
Cruelly by Love you're treated!
Not to wife obedient Lovers,
Heaven and Earth the Gods discover.
Pains in Love, if pains there are,
Lovers for themselves prepare.

III.

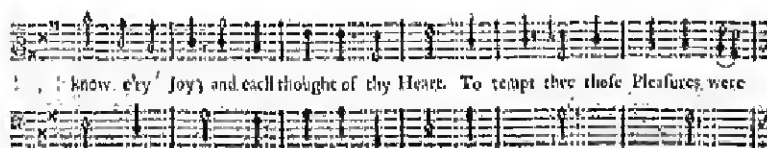
Oh! despair succeeds dissolving;
Till a Law of Lovers dissolving
Whilst Tormenters are tormented,
Give Content and be contented.
Pains in Love, if pains there are,
Lovers for themselves prepare.



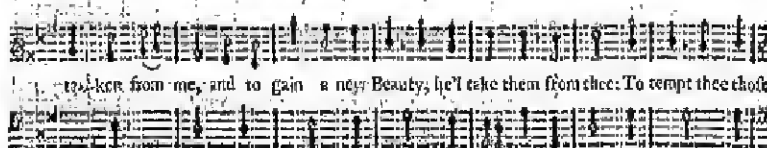
Ne--sist not too much on the fading suc--cess, for all that thou



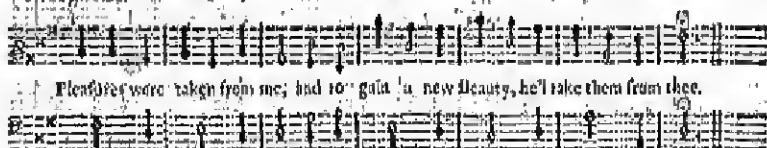
hast I be--fore did pos--sess, I know, my proud Rival, how hap--py thou art, I



know thy Joy, and each thought of thy Heart. To tempt thee those Pleasures were

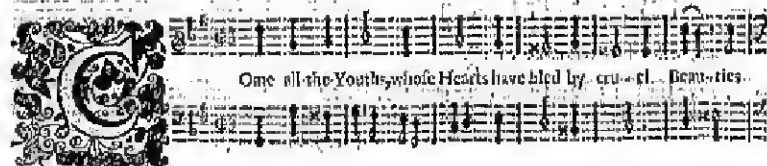


taken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee: To tempt thee those

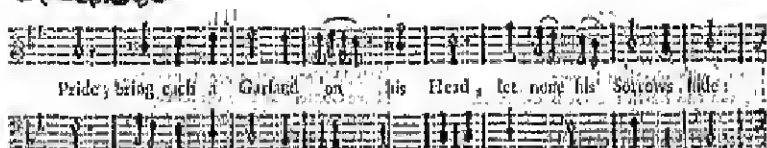


Pleasures were taken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

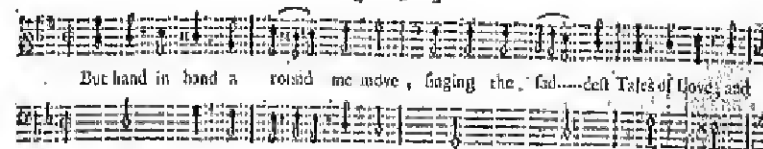
Mr. John Reading.



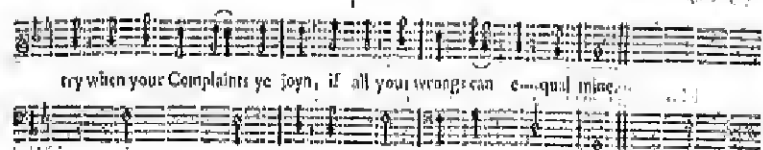
Once all the Youth, whose Hearts have bled by cru--el Beauties.



Pride, bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows hide:



But hand in hand a round me move, singing the sad--dest Tales of Love, and

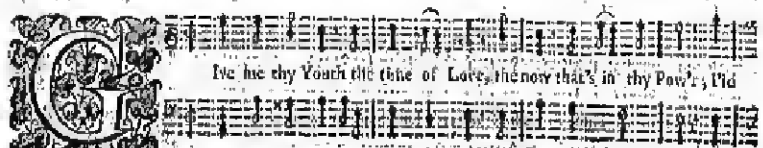


try when your Complaints ye join, if all your wrongs can e--qual mine.

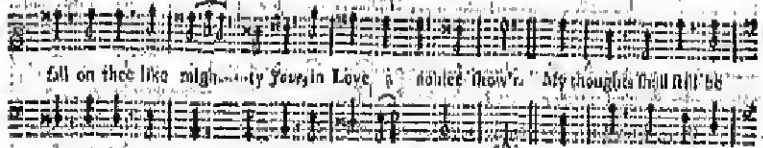
Mr. Fran. Porter.

II.
The happ'est Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrow knew;
Ply the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew:

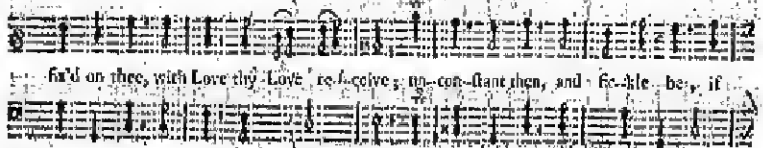
Yet if a Tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind;
Though bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.



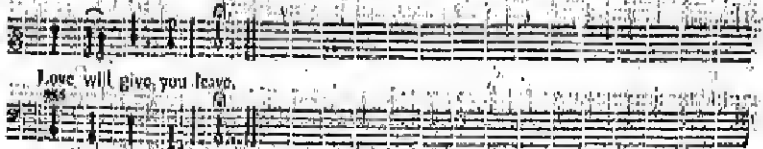
Be he thy Youth the time of Love, the now that's in thy Pow'r, I'd



all on thee like migh--ty Youth, in Love should show. My thoughts shall still be



fix'd on thee, with Love thy Love re--solve; no con--stant then, and ge--neral, be, if



Love will give you leave.

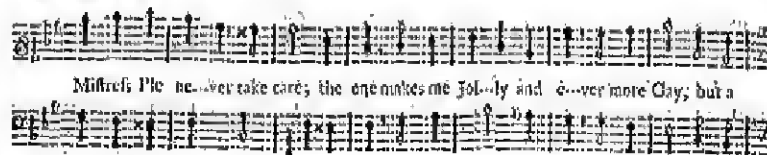
Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

III.
Can there be fallow in those Eyes?
Or can those looks betray?
If love will, I might with Grave and Wife,
I love thee whilst I may.

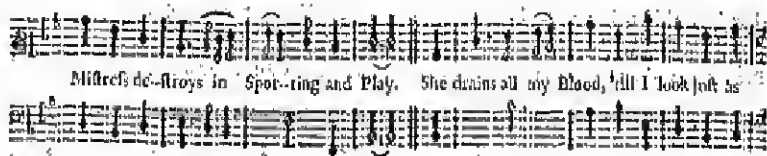
When I'm decrepid Age shall have,
And Amorous Flames decay,
I'll leave my Loving, then be Grave
And Wife as well as they.



'Le drink off my Bot-tle each Night for my share, but as for a



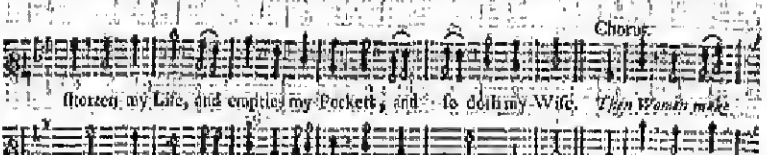
Mistress Ple ne-ver take care; the one makes me jo-ly and o-ver more Day; but a



Mistress de-Aroys in Spor-ring and Play. She drains all my Blood, 'till I look just as



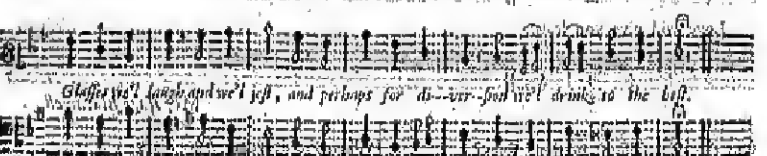
pale as A Thief that's half Raved, long kept in a Gaol; in-fec-bly my Nerves and doth



strozen my Life, and empties my Pocket; and is dooing my Wife. Then Women make



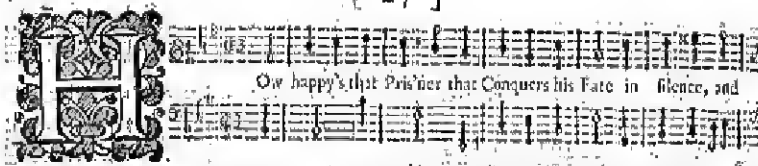
After of these that you see; Ple find out a Coward; some play beaved him where in our fold



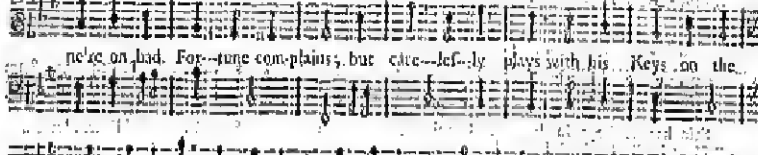
Glasses we'll laugh and we'll jest, and perhaps for do-ur-ford we'll drink to the last.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page.

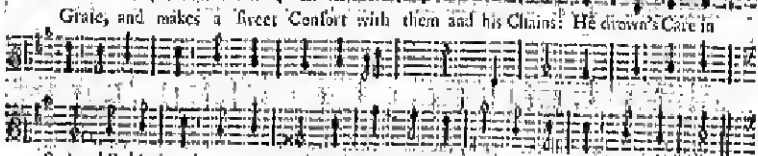
Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page.



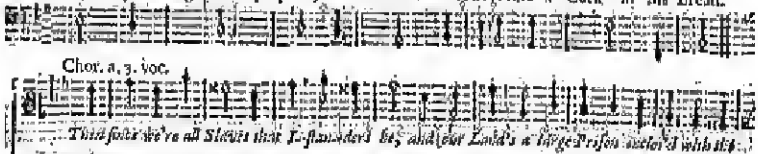
Ow happy's that Prisoner that Conquers his Fate in Silence, and



ne'er on had For-tune com-plains; but care-less-ly plays with his Keys on the



Grate, and makes a Sweet Comfort with them and his Chains: He drowns his Care in



Sack, while his thoughts are op-press'd, and makes his Heart Boil like a Cook in his Breast.

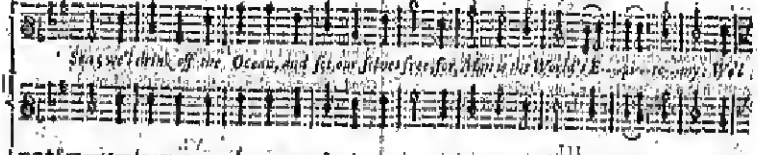


Chorus, a. 3. voc.

Then face, we're all Slaves that I standers be; and our Lord's a larger Prison master'd with it.

Then face, we.

Then face, we.



Shall we drink off the Ocean, and sit on Silver Seas for Mail in the World's E-ye?—no, no.



Drink off the Ocean, and sit on Silver Seas for Mail in the World's E-ye?—no, no.



A. & W. Carter & Basses.



Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late, what a Po-ther and

A Pox of the Fooling, &c.

Still has it kept in the State? Let the Rabble run mad with Su-s-pi-cions and Fears; let 'em

Scuffle and Jark 'till they go by the Ears: Their Grievances never shall trou-ble my

Pace, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Bane,
Amid their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Malt?
At Old Fashions they never had need to bring;
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design
It was no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit on Precious as the Majesty please;
Let 'em Damn us to Wooden, I'll never resign
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not the brave Aides, who lily debate
About Right, and Succession, the Tribes of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here to his Health, and thank him he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as you.

V.

What dare I now League with the *Hollander* go?
Or Intrigue between *Sissy* and *Monteur d'Amour*?
What concerns is my Drinking if *Cogit* be told,
If the Conquerors take it by Storming or Golt?
Good *Penelope*, alone in the place that I mind,
And when the Clock's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Belly of *France*, that aspires to Reason,
By full ending of Throat, and venting his own
Let him fight and be dam'd, and make Matches and Treas;
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chaps,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More life, and a thousand times happier than he.

VII.

Conquer or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or *Robert* Ragot and *Stark*, I care not a Goat;
Never think that in *Strasburg* I Poets will hear,
No I fear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in Silence of *Claret* and *Water*,
Till my Protection they never will alter.



He cruel Moody Fate, what canst thou now do more? A-

lady! 'tis now too late *Philander* to reform: Why should the Heavenly Pow'rs get laide poor?

Merits to believe, that they guard us here, and reward us there; yet all our Joys deceive.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And with a dying look, cry'd, thus I Fate command:
Philander, ah my Love! I come to meet thy Shade below:
Ah! frome, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide, there needs no second blow.

An purple Waves that Blood ran streaming down the Floor,
Unpar'd the fair the Flood, and best her dying Hoar:
Philander, ah *Philander*! still the bleeding *Philia* cry'd,
She wept a while, and the forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.



Ove you by all that's good, I do more than your Guardian Angel

far, con-si-der serve me if I know better your self, a Woman, fair: The Love of

you is hid in every part, and my Eyes show the Passion of my Heart

No Poetry can paint a thing
So sweet, so beautiful as you;
Nor can you be so ravishing,
You'd make Imagination true:
Your powerful Charms will make a Saint find
Nature has been extravagantly kind.

But Age must come, and Charms will cease
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you still all these,
Love me but now while Youth is fresh,
Content th' seems down; Love on and sing:
The Winner's ore because I've had the Spring.



S freezing Fountains, when the Sun goes off their Screams with-hold,

and to their own im-mor-tal-ities run 'till all congeal'd with Cold; or as a hopeless drooping

Flow'r for day de-par-ied grieves, posselt of nothing but a show'r of Tears up-on her

Leaves. Such, such am I in your ab-sen-ence left so like those Mourners slow, that

Brooks and Flow'r's of day be-are are Pictures of my Woe.

Mr. Pelham Humphry.



Hil't o-thers on Dow-ry Neasts are lol-lag on La-dies

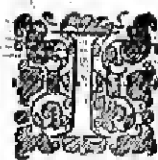
Breasts, a 'suck-ling' of Breath shut is rain-red, and kiss-ing Lips that are painted; he's

up at the sound of the merry merry Horn, and drink of the whol'some breath of the

Morn: His Mind and his Bo-dy is e-ver en-joy-ing in Pleasures, in

Pleasures, are worth the en-joy-ing.

Mr. Nicholas Spaggins.



Let tell thee my Cells, if I never before thou'st heard of the

Pleasures that Love has in store, true Love, that for the ever hush bright, and

Time cannot quench or di-mi-nish its Light. To none but Love's Empyrick 'tis lock when en-

joy'd, for they never lov'd truly that e-ver were lov'd.

Dr. John Blow.

Come in a hol-low Grotto Cave young Da-mon sleep-
 ing lay, himself one hour from Grief to save, and from the scorching day; he
 Fate and Wit did ev'ry Shepherd's Sense controul; whole ev'ry Heart was Love's soft New (Whose
 ev'ry Glance a Heart did get; and ev'ry Smile a Soul.

Mr. Crabbe

II.

But see the Palm Lover's Monarch keeps
 To raise a Lover's pains;
 As he in that Mansion sleeps
 It fiercely ran to Rains
 The Gray-Wandering through her Farns
 Ailly Lamb from Wolf to save
 Which caught, she folds in her white Arms
 And glad to save it from the Storms,
 Sits in into a Grief.

III.

The dear old Swan began to smile
 To see his Heaven so high;
 She doubts and fears, and all the while
 The Lamb stood bleating by
 No Breath was left her to complain,
 She's now a Captive to surprise.

Thus at the Mercy of her Swan
 The harpish Virgin lies.

Sure steel This is you my Torments light, and take no no-tice
 of my Am'rous Flame, in these Vermillion Letters thus I write my bloody Reasons to
 confirm the same; in these Ver-mil-lion Let-ters thus I write my bloo-dy
 Reasons to confirm the same, my bloody Reasons to confirm the same. These of my
 Passion are the live-ly Marks which from my Veins in Blood you here see writ;
 touch them, your Breast will kindle with the Sparks the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking
 yet: Touch them, your Breast will kindle with the Sparks the ardent
 Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet, the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet.

Mr. James Hart



For ever all your Cruel-ty I Love you still, tho by all these

good 'tis much against my will: Ah Phil---! could I my Love to reason bend, my

fin--cere Passion soon would have an end, but un-hap-py *Damon* must condemn

mainly for his son—der Lovethat's answer'd by dis-claim. Leg then your Sentence pass.

don't your Slave to dye, let him not Engulf'd be In the fiery try

Mr. James Hart



Here's up my Friends; the Winter's ending, Spring comes on, and the

year's and the year's a-mending. Oh! that the State had the like turn of Fate, that the

gentle Winds could ever blow like the Winter's Snow, all the black

Seems like you can't be alone. Mark, how the winged Comfort, that is, all in

Concord whilst we want it; to the Fields let's go, and avoid this Juxta-land. But how

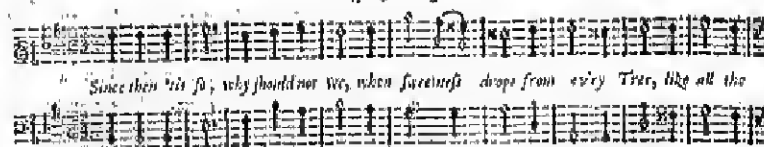
notice of Plots and Warnings; with the Clerk of his Holiness let the Clerk please himself; and so

have not the heart of Lord's Treasure; we'll make it up with words and pleasures, we'll

make it up with mirth and pleasure. Nature is kind and generous.

the from Discord and Re-bellion, and Re-bellion free. Her Offspring was for

Love designed, to once the Race of Human Kind, in Friendship and in Peace unite!



Since then 'tis so, why should not we, when fairest drops from every Tree, like all the



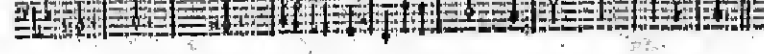
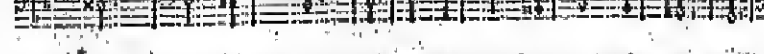
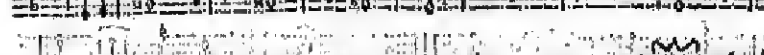
World melt, melt, melt, in--to Har--mo--ny?



Mr. William Turner.



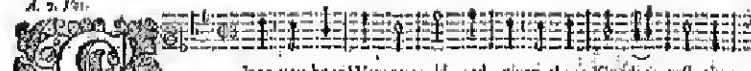
Now, tell me how long it will be before you do grant my de-



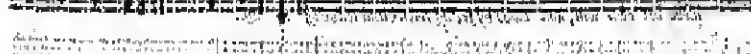
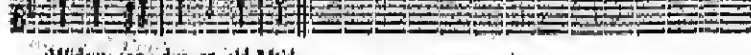
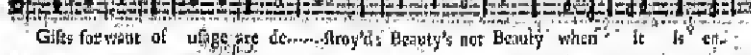
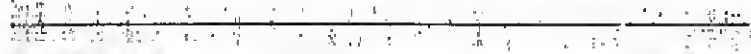
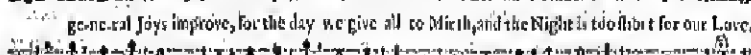
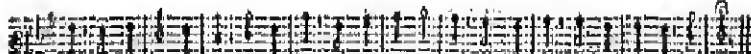
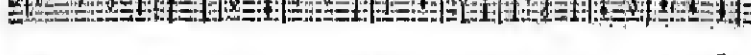
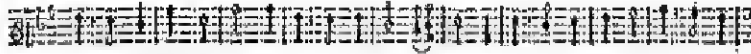
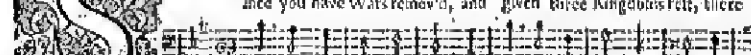
16.

Damon, know that I never shall be
Fitt' humour to grant your desire;
Nor am I guilty of Cruelty,
Because you are scorch'd in your Fire:
If you'll bear with my humour, I love to be plain;
It's so pleas'd, that I seem not your Anguish,
O Damon! hope no relief to your Pain,
But love for your Pleasure and Languish.

A. & J. 171.



Now you have Wars remov'd, and given three Kingdoms rest, there





Change, Oh! change your fatal Bows, since neither know the Virtue

of each others Darts; nor safe! what will become of Henris? If it prove a Death to

Love, we shall find Death will be cruel to be kind; for when he shall to Armies fly, where

Men think Blood too cheap to buy themselves a Name, he reconciles them, and depicts the Vultures

Men of more than Lives, of Vi-ctory and Fame. Whilst Love decy'd by these cold Shafts, in

Chorus

Head of curing; wounded Hearts, must kill in deed. Take pi-ty Gods, some ease

the Work will find, to give young Cupid Eyes, or strike Death blind: Death should not then

lose his war with, and Love by force Men blind leave off

Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



Le-Gu-lous Men of Earth, no more proclaim how wide your Empires

are, tho' you bind in ev'ry Shore, and your Triumphs reach as far as night or day; yet you proud

Monarchs must obey, and mingle with for-ge-ten Aethers, w^h Death calls you to the road of

common Men, de-spoiling Families, Plagues and War, each a-ble to un-do Mankind,

Death for-vile Famine, the-pest, are, not to these a-bove con-sid-er'd.

Chorus

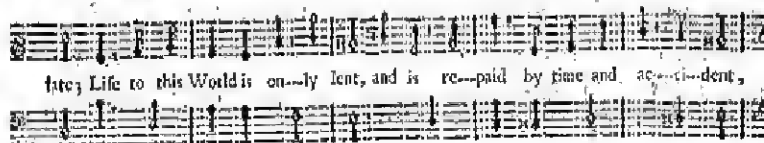
He calls us, with more quiet and softest ways to him, a Smile or Kiss, or he will

up the Air, shall have the whirling Bill to break the Spear.

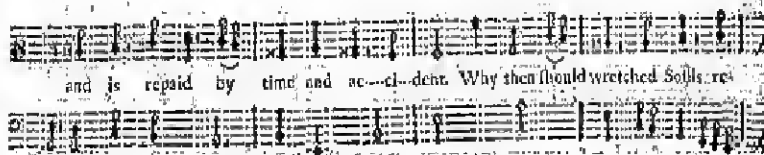
Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



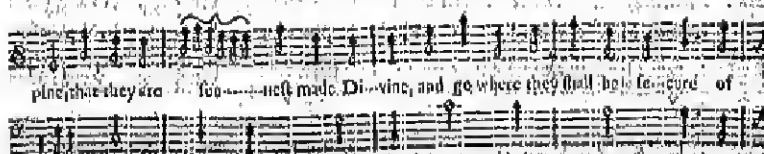
Thus Mortals must sub-mit to Fate, some more ear-n-ly, some more



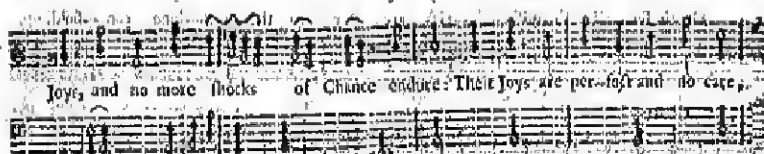
late; Life to this World is on-ly lent, and is re-paid by time and ac-ci-dent,



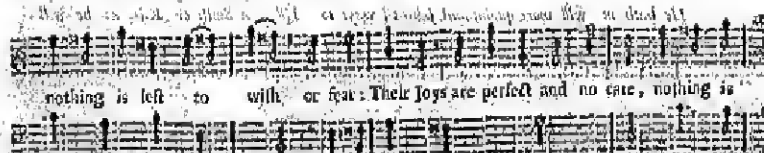
and is repaid by time and ac-ci-dent. Why then should wretched Souls re-



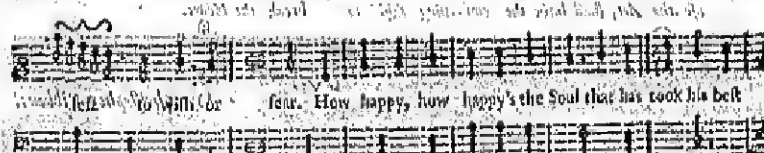
pine, since they are too-ness made Di-vine, and go where they shall have for- ever of



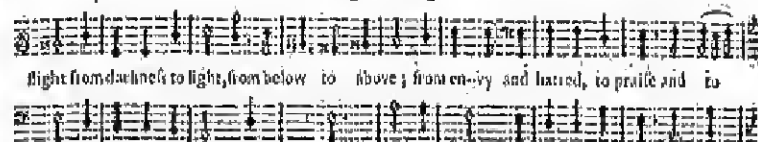
Joys, and no more shocks of Chance endure: Their Joys are per-fect and no care,



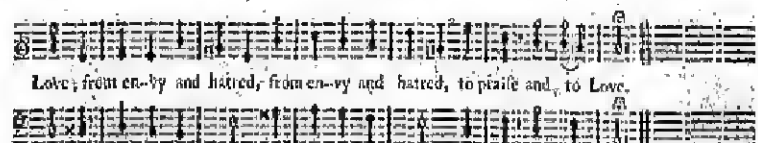
nothing is left to with- or fear: Their Joys are perfect and no care, nothing is



left to with- or fear. How happy, how happy's the Soul that has took his bet



fight from dark-ness to light, from below to above; from en-vy and hatred, to praise and to

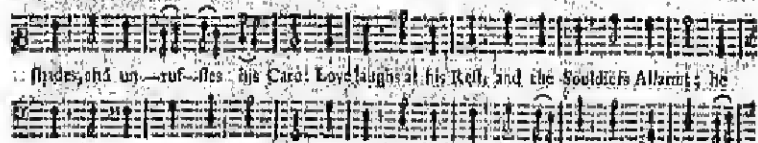


Love; from en-vy and hatred, from en-vy and hatred, to praise and to Love.

Mr. William Turner.



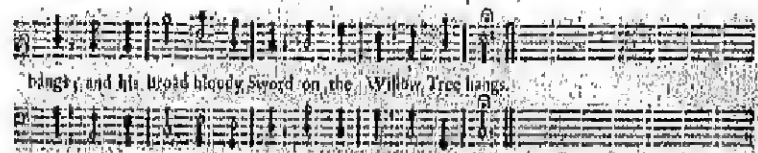
Now, now the Fight's done, and the great God of War lies sleeping in



shades, and un-ruf-fles his Care! Love laughs at his Rest, and the Soldiers Alarm; he



Drums, and he Trumpets, and strikes in his Arms. He rides on his Lance, and the Buffs he



bangs; and his broad bloody sword on the Willow Tree hangs.

II.

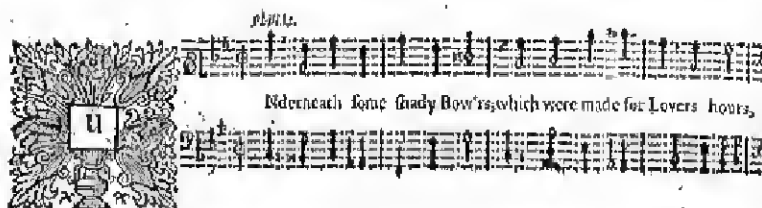
Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart;
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Brd, and his Buffers of Iron,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Down;
His Colours of Lightning is grown to flow,
That a Cupid's Saddle fits bending his Bow.

III.

Love, Love is the cry, Love and Rites go found;
While Philo and Damon his flaps on the Ground;
The Shepherd who foon does his Pleasure destroy,
Tis Absent; the cries, and he murders my Joy;
But he Rallies again with the force of her Charms,
And Rites, embraces, and dies in her Arms.

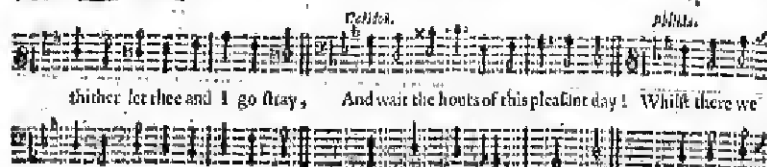
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PHILIDA and CORIDON.

Philida.



Underneath some Gaudy Bow's, which were made for Lovers' hours,

Coridon. *Philida.*



thither let thee and I go stay, And wait the hours of this pleasant day! Whilst there we

Coridon.



name the Gods above, we'll think of naught but how they Love. Love is a thing that

Philida.



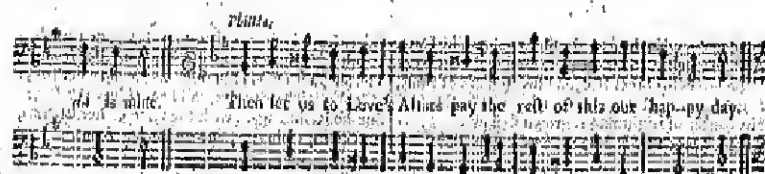
is too stile for our Pastoral's pleasant Tale. Ah no! for Love hath made me smart and

Coridon.



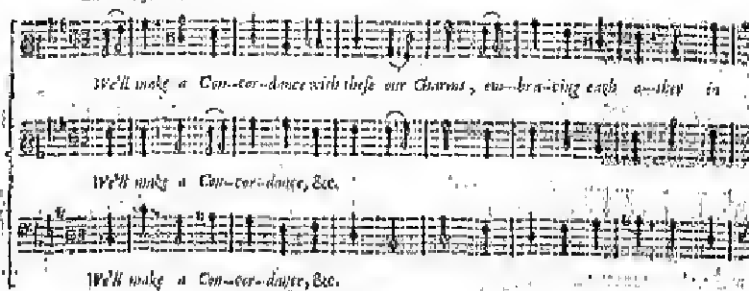
bleed, Just so it hath my Heart; for it doth sympathize with thine, whilst wholly *Philida.*

Philida.

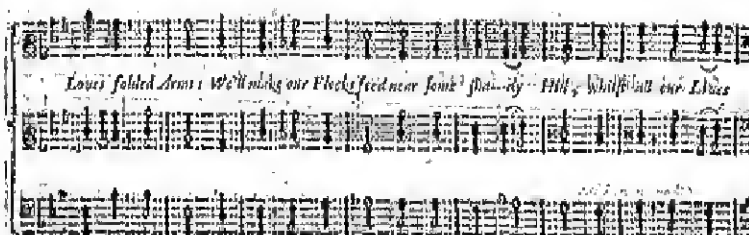


is white. Then let us to Love's Altar pay the rest of this our hap-py day.

Chor. & 3. Voc.



We'll make a Con-ter-dance with these our Charms, en-braving each a-shay in
We'll make a Con-ter-dance, &c.
We'll make a Con-ter-dance, &c.



Lovers' folded Arms: We'll make our Flocks feed near some shad-y Hill, whilst all our Loves



long with pleasures we'll fill. These Lovers are happy who say, that they can

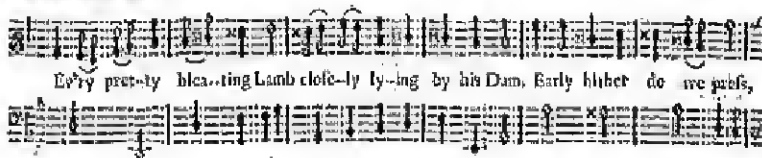


keep the same Love which the Gods do pay.

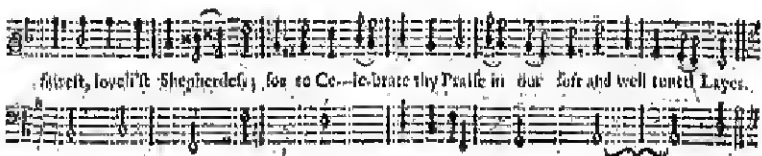
Mr. John Reading.



Hark our peaceful Flocks do lye, safely kept by careful Eye;

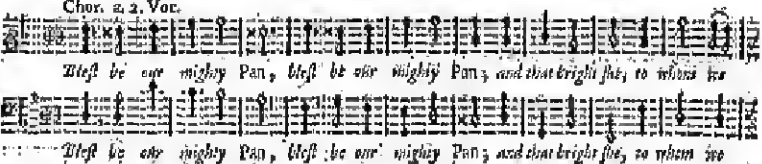


Every prettily bleating Lamb close-ly ly-ing by his Dam, Early hither do we pass,

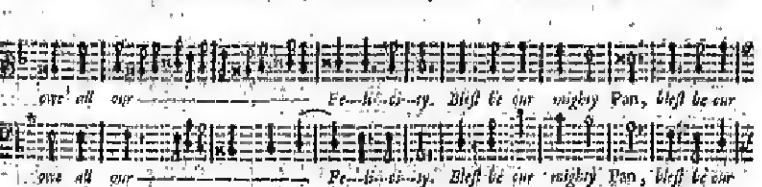


Swiftest, loveliest Shepherdess, for to Co-memorate thy Praise in our soft and well-tuned Lutes.

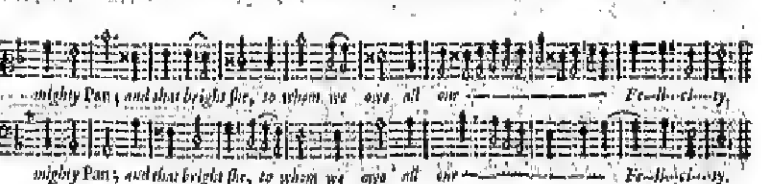
Chor. 2. 2. Voc.



Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our mighty Pan, and that bright star, to whom we



owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty. Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our



mighty Pan, and that bright star, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.

mighty Pan, and that bright star, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.

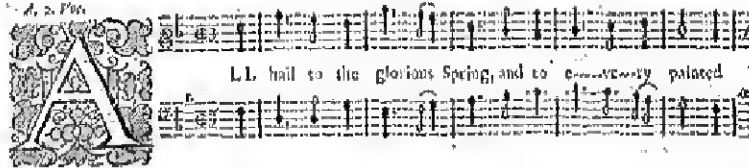
II.

Never yet so sweet a Face,
Did our humble Valleys grace;
Nor so soft and full a Hand,
Ere Shepherd's Hook command.
Chiefest Glory of our Pains,
Lord by all the noblest Swains,
Who breath all but one Dæmon,
Learn for ever to admire.

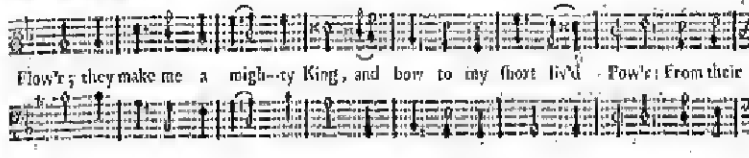
III.

Nay, that Beauty that doth still,
All that look with wonder kill;
Moom for ever fresh and gay,
Like the Riches of the May,
On your Lips withall excel,
May their Native Coast dwell,
With each Feature and each Line,
Gracing her that's to Divine.

A. 2. Voc.



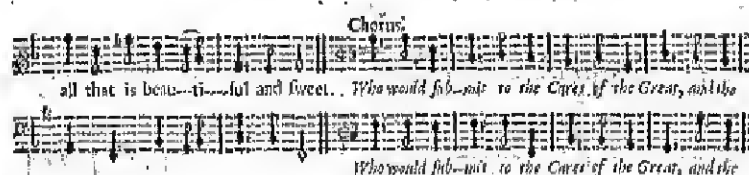
All hail to the glorious Spring, and to every palaced



Flow'r; they make me a mighty King, and bow to my short liv'd Pow'r: From their

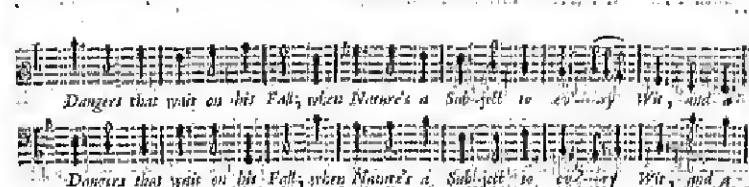


Earthly Beds, see how they raise their dewy heads; see how they offer up my Fort,

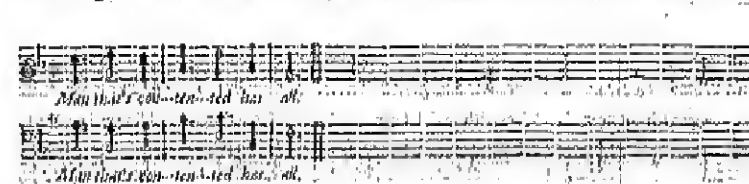


Chorus.

all that is beautiful and sweet. Who would submit to the Eyes of the Great, and the



Dangers that wait on his Fall, when Nature's a Subject to every Wit, and a



Man that's sub-jected her, all

Man that's sub-jected her, all

II.

What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jesamine's fragrant Sweet?
The blush of the full-blown Rose;
Or Lilly's Eye dazzling white?
There's mad with the Field;
Cool Groves, and Crystal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

N



First Verse.

Wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell my silent Mus-

ters humble Tale; a--wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell thy silent

Masters humble Tale, in Sounds that may prevail; Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire, tho

so ex--al--ed, she and I so low--ly be, tell her such different Notes make all

Second Verse.

thy Har--mo--ny. Hark, hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand

approach not near, themselves with awful Fear, a kind of num'rous trembling wake: Hark,

hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the moving hand approach not near, themselves with

aw--ful Fear a kind of num'rous trem--bling make.

Now all thy Forces try, now all thy Charms apply; revenge up--on her

Ear the Conquest of her Eye, revenge, up--on her Ear the Conquest of her Eye.

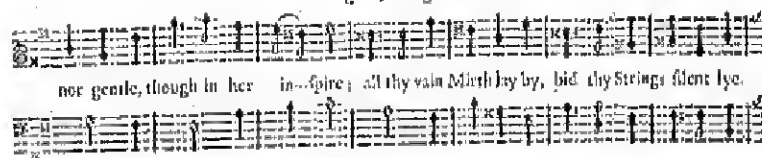
Third Verse, &c.

Weak Lyre, this virtue thou art less here, since thou art only found to cure, but not to wound,

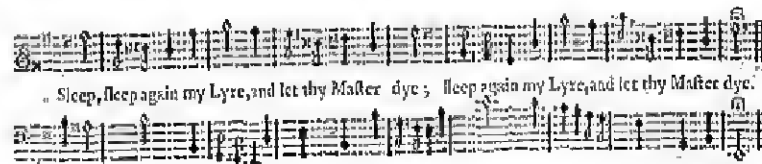
and she to wound, but not to cure. Too weak thou wilt thou prove, my Passion to re-

move; Physick to o--ther Ills, that Non--reli--ment to Love. Sleep.

Sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tell my humble Tale in sounds that may prevail;



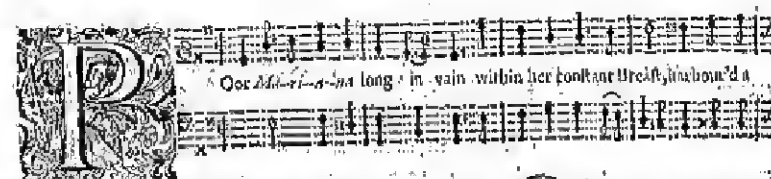
nor gentle, though in her in-spi-re; all thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy Strings silent lye.



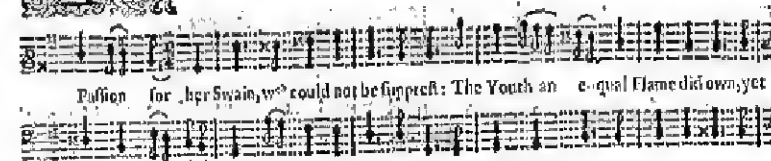
.. Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye; .. Sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Dr. John Blow.

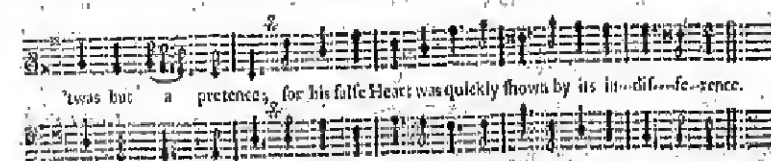
This SONG was by Dr. Blow Composed, & is performed with Instruments Minick, Symphonie and Recorder's, of four Parts & includes every Perfect and Imperfect Chord; but few Poets have writ withy Perfect; but as it is here printed, you have all which it is to be sung alone to the 2. Verse, and is suitable to the rest in this Book.



Our *Maid* as long in vain within her constant Throat, has bound a



Passion for her Swain, who could not be suppress'd: The Youth an e-qual Flame did own, yet



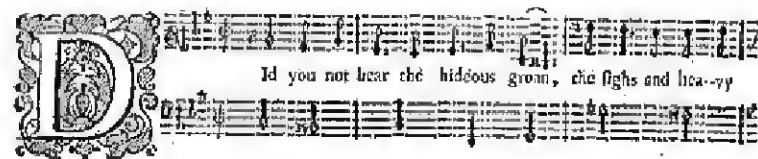
'twas but a pretence, for his false Heart was quickly shown by its in-dis-sim-ulation.

II.
Thy though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepest Agony,
Yet would she not upbraid her Swain of his Inconstancy;
But ah! said she, the fault's my own, that I this Uge find;
For could I just desert have shown, the Youth had still been kind.

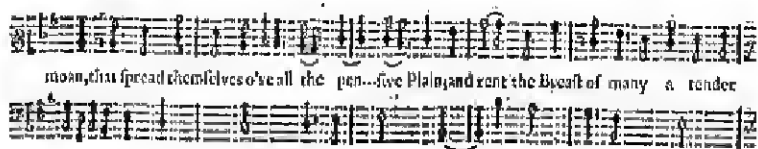
III.
Then she began thus to deplore her own Inappetency,
The only Remedy in force for Virgin in distress;
Alas! she cry'd, what Fate is mine, there to have fix'd my Love;
Where, Shepherd, I can't merit thine; nor yet my own remove!

A PASTORAL SONG set by Mr. William Gregory, in memory of his deceased Friend Mr. Pelham Humphrys, one of the Gentlemen of His MAJESTY'S Chapel, and Master of the Children of the Chappel.

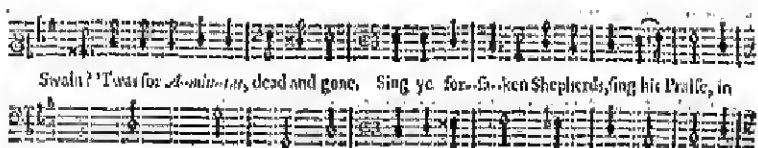
[Written by Mr. T. Stannan.]



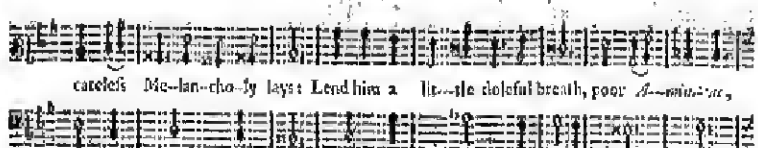
Id you not hear the hideous groan, the sighs and hea-ry



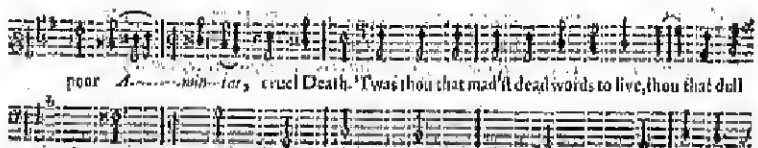
moan, that spread themselves o'er all the pen-sive Plain, and rent the Breast of many a tender



Swain? 'Twas for *A-mu-ni-ty*, dead and gone. Sing ye for-ga-ken Shepherds, sing his Drafte, in



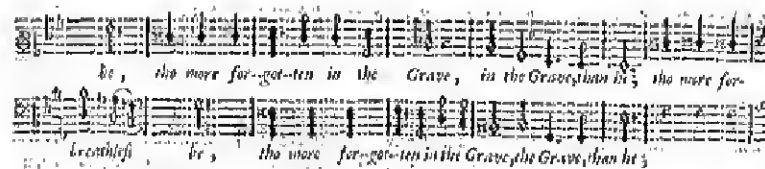
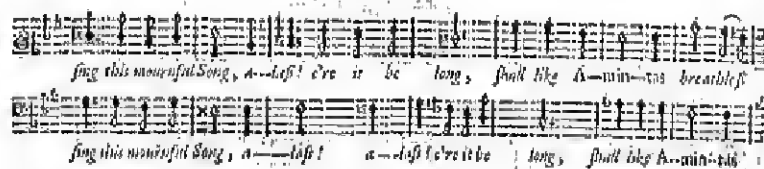
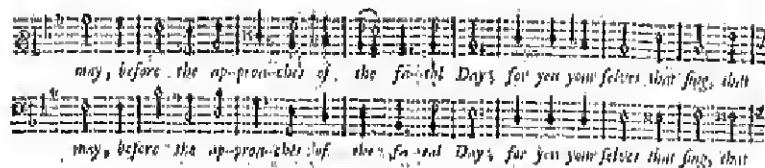
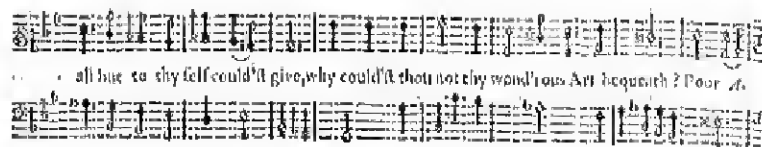
careless Me-lan-cho-ly lays: Lend him a lit-tle doleful breath, poor *A-mu-ni-ty*,



poor *A-mu-ni-ty*, cruel Death: 'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live, thou that dull

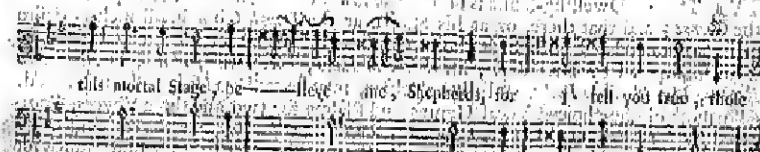
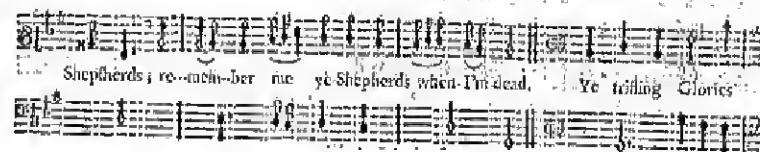
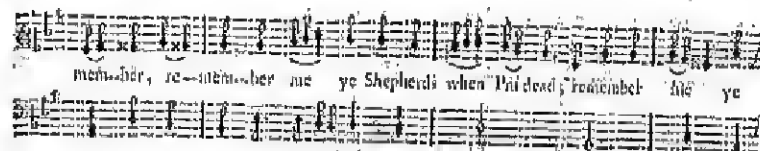
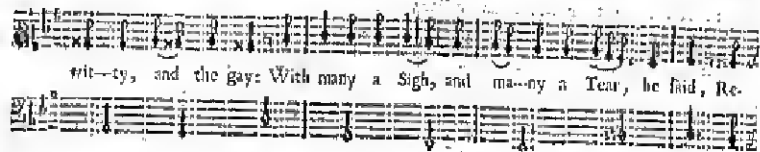
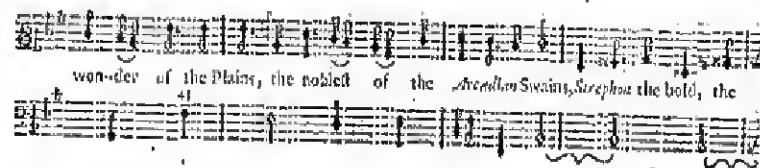
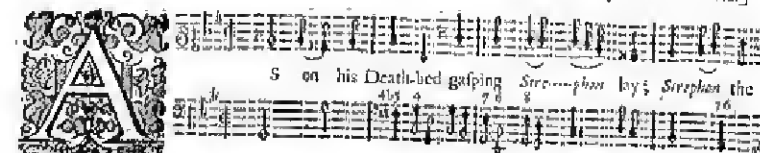


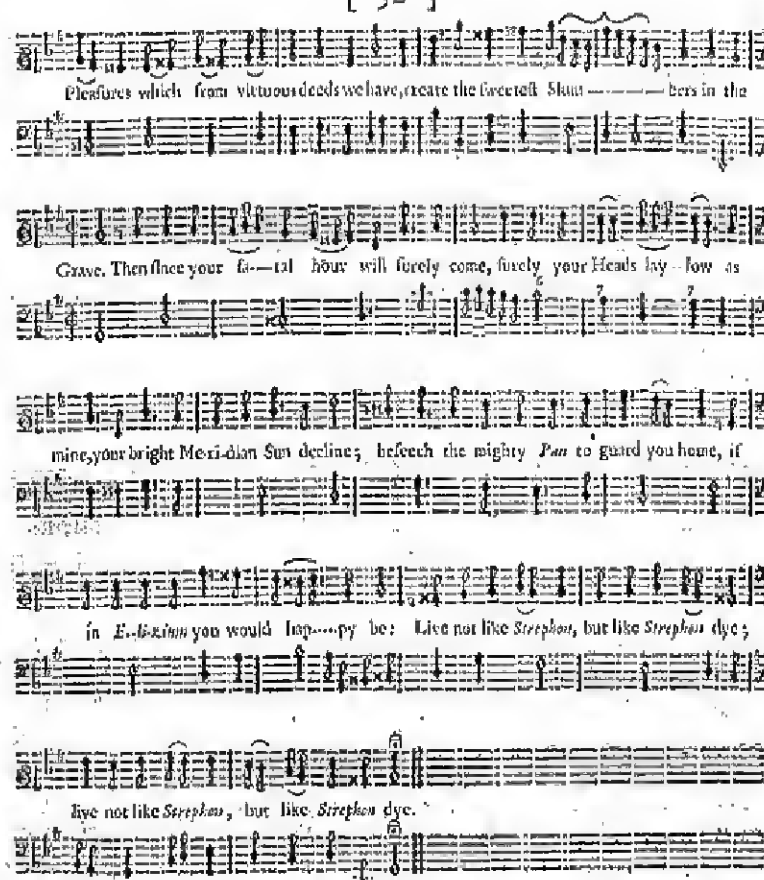
Numbers dulle in-spi-re, with charming Voice, and tune-ful Lyre: That Life to



A PASTORAL ELEGY on the Earl of Rochester, who died the 26th
of July, 1680. Set by Dr. John Blow.

[Words by As. T. Flanagan.]





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